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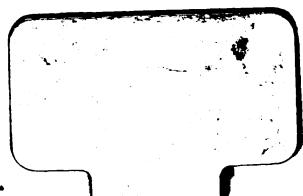
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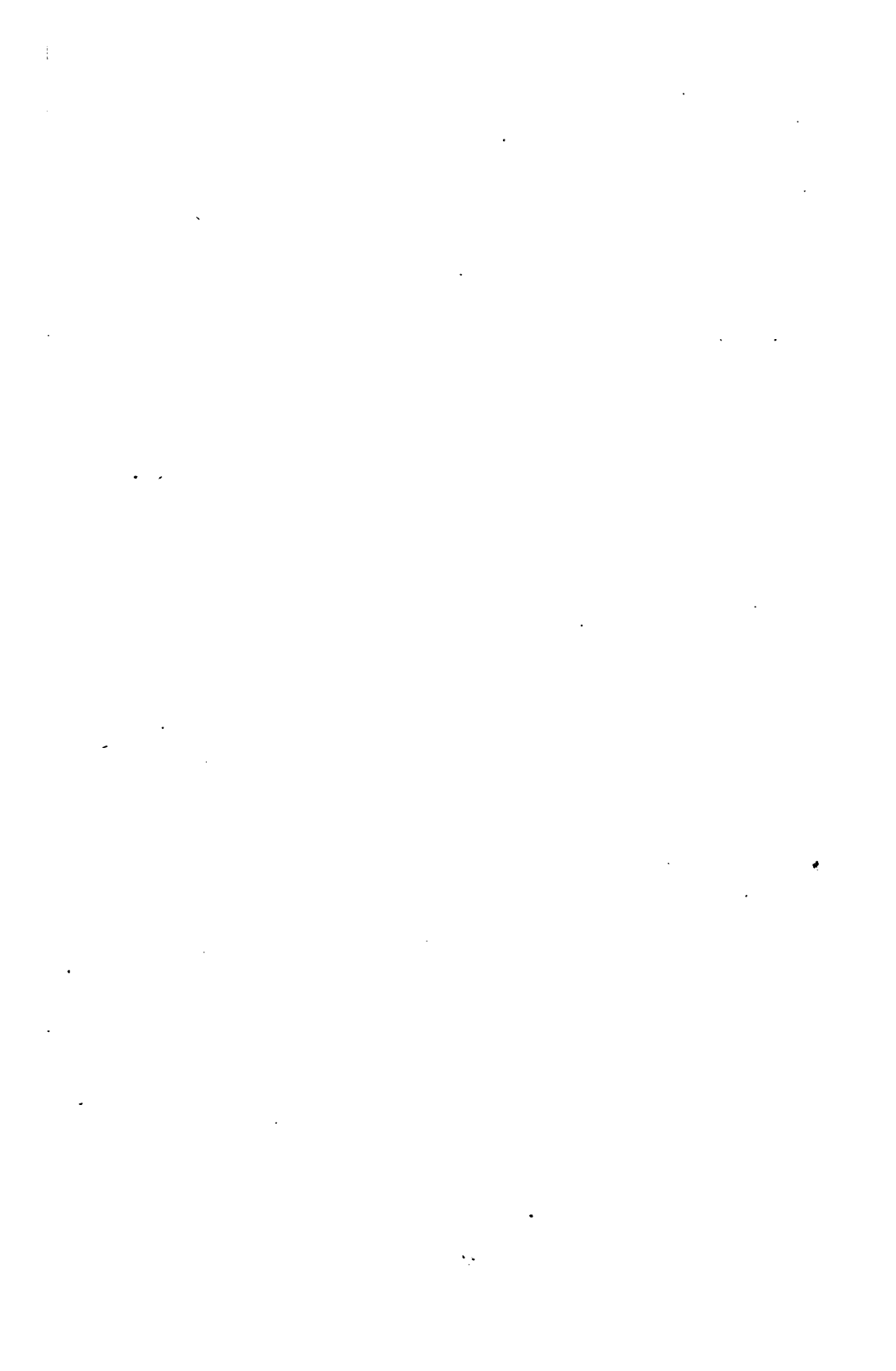
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NO PEACE WITH ROME,

A

POLEMICAL SATIRE,

BY

A RURAL DEAN.



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To the Right Reverend the Archbishops and
Bishops of the United Church of England and
Ireland, to whom under Providence the

PROTESTANT FAITH

looks for Guidance and Protection, and more
especially

TO HIS OWN DIOCESAN,

whose Sound Principles, and unobtrusive Discharge
of his Episcopal Functions obtain general veneration
and esteem,

THIS POEM

Is most Respectfully Dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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NO PEACE WITH ROME.

SAY, shall we hear the oft-repeated sound—
“ Another still, and still another wound,
“ Another wound deep driven in the side
“ Of England’s Church, our best and holiest pride ?”
This shall we hear, and not one word essay,
Whilst Rome defies, and rebel sons betray ?
One Word amid her night of grief and pain,
To check her foes, and bid her hope again ?
One Word, tho’ coward friends affrighted flee,
Or bend to Rome the supplicating knee ?
Yes, tho’ despised, and weak, and poor, and frail,
By our own strength all powerless to prevail,
Like Judah’s stripling, we the task will try,
And meet Rome’s proud Goliath fearlessly :
And, as depending not upon the sword
Of mortal keenness but Jehovah’s word,
He went and conquer’d, so, be Truth our shield,
And victory shall adorn the arms we wield ;
And this our weapon, this our sling shall be—
“ No peace with Rome, No truce with Popery.’

But first, 'tis sad to charge the cruel wound
 On those who once within our pale were found,
 Who once the Faith Reform'd profess'd to hold,
 Pastors and sheep of one united fold;
 But so it is, " Offences needs must come,"
 And all these sorrows burst on us from Rome.
 She, the enchantress, with the cup well fill'd
 Of "dainty" wine from deadliest fruits distill'd,
 Hath lured the faithless, from their first love gone,
 Seeking for rest and peace, and finding none.

But are they blameless?—they to be excused,
 Who first by specious blandishments amused,
 Were step by step to graver deeds led on,
 And halted not, until they were undone?
 Shall they be spared, who wandering from the way
 Woo'd—and taught others from the truth to stray,
 That thus beguiled, deceived, entangled, all
 Might in Rome's deep abyss of error fall?
 No; Truth indignant, sorrowing, will not spare
 The double treachery, but denounce the snare,
 And, pointing to their race of ruin run,
 Bid others tempted, their delusion shun
 For 'tis delusion reckless, wild, and strange,
 That, deep-read Theologians thus should change,
 Perverted men! their hope in seasons past,
 Bread for a stone, sweet music for a blast,
 Prefer the iron rod to silken chain,
 The camel swallow whilst the gnat they strain;
 And prove, as said of doubting minds of old,
 "Alas! the love of many shall wax cold!"
 Cold to the simple truth; and entertain
 A love for falsehood and delusions vain,
 Asserting that in Rome alone is found
 Peace for the troubled, healing for each wound;

And Rome alone from its long ancestry
 Can bind with fetters, and the bound untie,
 Solve every tangled tenet's varying shade,
 Develop things not in God's Word display'd,
 Draw from tradition's legendary store
 Truths unreveal'd, unknown to man before,
 And kept reserved beneath the Pontiff's key
 To end each doubt, resolve each mystery :
 And thus, despite what Holy Scriptures say,
 They raise a bloated mass of human clay
 Beyond all power, or human or divine,
 An immolating, Babylonian shrine.
 For Rome's proud church this eminence they claim—
 That she is one in doctrine, faith, and name,
 Because St. Peter's seal is set on them,
 And makes supreme o'er all her diadem.

Alas ! that Men so skill'd in history's page,
 So fit in other subjects to engage
 With knowledge well applied, should falter here,
 And only see not, others see most clear,
 As those, who sweep with telescopes the skies,
 In common things forget to use their eyes.
 For Peter gave not, as they know, the key
 To Rome's proud priest, usurping mastery ;
 But Power, derived from Rome's imperial state,
 Ere Goth and Vandal thunder'd at her gate—
 Power, which clinging still unto the place,
 Shed o'er each bishop not a holy grace,
 And shining still less holy as he seized,
 And made his own, the Pagan rites which pleased
 The vulgar mass corrupt, and interwove
 Grim Superstition with the faith of love ;
 And thus Ambition, serving its own end,
 By crowning, made Rome's haughty Priest its friend.
 This is the ground-work of the Papal power :
 Cling to it then, we bear it not an hour.

We know Rome's throne was raised where heathens reign'd,
 Built on the altar pagan rites had stain'd,
 And tho' the demon Gods had pass'd away,
 Like clouds which darkling flee the eye of day,
 The evil genius of those darker times
 Of gloomy horrors and barbaric crimes
 Still lurk'd around that throne's cemented base,
 Invidious to defile the work of grace,
 And smear with alien institutes abhorr'd
 Each rite ordain'd in gods revealed Word.
 Hence errors, which had long in darkness slept,
 Through creed, and form, and prayers insidious crept,
 Till Pontiff Rome usurp'd a prouder throne
 Than Rome Imperial had ever known.

Then holiness decreased, or if its light
 Gleam'd, struggling through drear Superstition's night,
 The gathering clouds obscured the glimmering ray,
 And Christendom in deeper darkness lay ;
 And faith, devotion's pure and hallow'd spring,
 Was thrown aside, a poor, unfruitful thing ;
 And christian love, sweet balm of human woes,
 Inertly slumber'd in a long repose,
 Whilst, with bold looks of impudence and shame,
 Mock charity usurp'd her gentle name,
 And, spurning those, whom love had sought to guide,
 Lavish'd her charms alone on wealth and pride.

Is this the beauty they behold in Rome,
 Who for such smiles forsake a purer home ?
 This the antiquity they hold so dear,
 That holding it they quiet every fear ?
 With such deception sober truth defy,
 Cherish, believe, and propagate a lie,
 Mistaken souls, weak as themselves to win,
 And promise freedom tho' they live in sin ?

Antiquity ! if that our faith might rule,
 Jerusalem would be our highest school ;
 And Antioch, Corinth, Ephesus might be
 Honour'd alike for their antiquity,
 And each the question might at once decide,
 Which would abate the Pontiff's soaring pride,
 Ev'n though no Paul in " islands of the west "
 Had our rude fathers with the gospel blest.
 Away then with antiquity's stale boast !
 We know it serves you as a mighty host
 With those who value not the page of faith,
 Seeking new ways and error's tangled path—
 But never was a cause so great and vext
 Advanced, and held on such a poor pretext.

And yet it hath a plea almost as true
 As for Rome's dogmas both corrupt and new.
 " Corrupt and new," indignant you deny—
 " Corrupt and new " is our distinct reply ;
 For howsoe'er you taunt, and sneer, and state
 That our religion is of modern date,
 Come to the test of facts, and you will find
 'Twas Trent, and Trent alone, your creed defined ;
 For whilst we hold the faith the Scriptures teach,
 And doctrines the Apostles once did preach,
 And Catholic truth, in one unbroken chain
 Descending, doth within our Church remain ;
 From Trent all Romish dogmas are derived,
 Ere Trent they only scatter'd fragments lived ;
 Trent gave them form—gave substance and a name
 To things unreal, things not devoid of shame,
 Things which alone their tainted being drew
 From man's corruption, not the Scriptures true ;
 And men as graceless as themselves then made
 Tenets from fiction, dogmas from a shade ;
 For pride and ignorance ne'er their impress set
 On men more base than in that conclave met.

Faith pure and spotless was not their design,
 How say you then their judgment was divine ?
 Or how presumptuous, they or you pretend,
 The Spirit's grace could on such work descend ?

Then, proudly claim no more precedency
 For Romish doctrines in antiquity,
 When hardly they who met at Trent agreed
 Their future rule of discipline and creed :
 Whilst their resolves destroy'd the holy tie
 Of Scripture truth and Catholicity.
 Hence in Rome's modern creed and figments vain
 Is found the Christian Faith's most deadly bane ;
 For, as the ban went forth, Anathema
 To all but what she judged right to say,
 Did she not trample with usurping pride
 On every judgment, faith and rule beside,
 And claim to be, ne'er yet to creature given,
 The Judge and Arbitress of earth and heaven ?

Not such the primal church, by those uprear'd
 Whose holy lives all vain presumption fear'd,
 And who, depending on the promised word,
 " Call'd no man, master ; and no mortal, Lord."
 Meekness and love, humility and prayer,
 Adorn'd their heavenward walk ; no anxious care
 For aught, but those true riches to attain,
 Which pride and honour seek, but seek in vain,
 And only by the lowly to be won
 Through faith in Him, God's own Incarnate Son.
 They did not teach on pain of death eterne,
 With haughty dogmas, and assurance stern,
 That all who would their true communion hold
 Must take on trust what they were pleas'd t' unfold
 As faith and doctrine—artlessly believe,
 And without questioning their adherence give.

Theirs was, "the Scriptures search as in a mine;"
 Not, "take Rome's teaching as the word divine."
 Theirs was, "let faith by holy deeds be shown;"
 Not, "make by works the gift of heaven your own."
 Theirs, "come to Jesus, sinful, poor, and weak;"
 Not, "by the Church and Pope salvation seek;"
 Theirs, "at the throne of grace by Jesus plead,"
 Not, "let the saints and angels intercede."
 Theirs, "Christ's one sacrifice for all was paid;"
 Not "masses still must day by day be said."
 Theirs, "Christ is all in all—His will be done,"
 Not, "pray to Mary, she doth rule her Son."

The doctrines they did teach, we still maintain
 Distinctive, scriptural, catholic, and plain,
 Whilst those of Rome, your idol and your boast,
 Are or obscurely dark, or wholly lost.
 Judge then, which is the gospel—therefore true?
 Which is the ancient? which corrupt, and new?
 Whether the teaching in God's Word reveal'd,
 Or man's inventions by Trent's conclave seal'd?

Had Rome possess'd a standard well defined,
 Of Faith and Doctrine which her sons could bind,
 Why do we find, beyond a zealot's hope,
 Council with Council clash, and Pope with Pope?
 And why at Trent had Popes and Legates need
 Of twice ten years to fabricate her creed,
 When at the voice of Luther Truth awoke
 As at a trumpet's clang, which her deep slumbers broke?
 This fact again, we think, may well o'ercome
 Precedency of Doctrine claim'd for Rome;
 For Faith and Doctrine were not then first known,
 When Rome's corruptions were by Luther shown;
 But darken'd were men's minds, who could not see,
 By gospel brightness, gospel purity;
 Which, though by man's inventions long conceal'd,
 Still lived and shone within the Word Reveal'd.

And darkening ignorance o'ershadow'd all,
 By slow degrees, within its sable pall ;
 And Holy Faith, and Love were doom'd to dwell
 Alone with bigots in the cloister'd cell ;
 And bones and relics, councils, creeds, and Popes,
 Darken'd at will, or cheer'd, the laic's hopes ;
 Before Tradition, Truth all prostrate lay,
 And man's decrees usurp'd the Almighty's sway ;
 A worldly power inflamed the Churchman's pride,
 Whose force compell'd what weaker faith denied ;
 The Cross, meek emblem of man's ransom'd state
 Became the badge of wars and fiercest hate,
 Spread desolation in its path of love,
 And play'd the eagle, while it seem'd the dove.

With holy semblance and alluring smile,
 The lowly Churchman spread his worldly guile,
 The timid awed, juggled th' insensate crowd,
 The wealthy spoil'd, degraded e'en the proud,
 O'er consciences of men held stern control,
 And as the humour—saved or damn'd the soul.
 He valued not the virtue or the vice,
 All, all was centred in the apportion'd price,
 By which Indulgences control'd the doom,
 And pardon'd sins, past, present, and to come.

Oh tyranny supreme ! Oh lash severe !
 Blush, holy Faith ! Love, shed the scalding tear !
 Bow, mitred heads, Divines in nought but name,
 Abjure your craft, confess your flagrant shame !

Confess ! oh, 'twas an engine of your own
 Which crush'd the cottage, paralyzed the throne :
 Your greedy ears the sinner's breath drank in,
 Whilst the poor wretch, defunct from power to sin,
 With retribution late atonement sought,
 And from your lips, with gold, his pardon bought.

With robes of sackcloth were your limbs array'd,
 Whilst lust and rapine in your pulses play'd ;
 With ashes all besprinkl'd was the head,
 Beneath whose meekness scowl'd oppressive dread ;
 And those bare feet, by stripes and torture torn,
 Trampled the necks of potentates in scorn.

Your humble voices, tuned to prayers unknown,
 Thunder'd anathemas in lordliest tone ;
 And giant empire was your boundless scope,
 Kings for your subjects, for your God the Pope.

With twofold power begirt he ruled the world,
 With his own hand heaven's awful thunders hurl'd ;
 And no dominion mightiest kings might have,
 But what he sanction'd, and permissive gave.

As at creation two great lights were made,
 This to illumine the day, that night's dark shade ;
 So he, the Janus, from his Roman tower,
 Usurp'd the Monarch's and the Churchman's power,
 Made civil rights yield to his mitred nod,
 And quail'd the conscience to his tyrant rod.
 His the two swords in Golgotha display'd,
 When man's Redeemer, by a kiss betray'd,
 Rebuked the tempter, and refused such aid :
 His too the Rock to zealous Peter given,
 And his the keys which ope the gates of Heaven,
 Altho' that Rock no form or substance knows,
 But in the heart of Faith in Spirit glows ;
 And Peter's keys no literal meaning find,
 But mark the Power Divine, to each assign'd
 Of those who follow'd where the Saviour led,
 Commission'd thro' the world His name to spread,
 And "other faithful men" ordain to teach,
 And gospel truths thro' every nation preach,
 That as of old in one successive chain,
 A Holy Priesthood in His Church might reign ;

In holy things a hallow'd service pay,
 Dispense His word, and in His temple pray,
 From hands unclean His Sacraments defend,
 Bid soothing peace on contrite hearts descend;
 The weak in faith by charity make strong,
 Inspire the drooping with Redemption's song,
 Without reserve unfold the amazing plan,
 "Glory to God, Peace, and good will to man."

Such are the keys by man's Redeemer given,
 Whose blood alone unlock'd the gates of Heaven.
 For ne'er may aught of man's corrupted kind,
 The immortal soul on earth, or loose, or bind;
 'Tis ours alone the words of truth to give,
 Bid the bruised soul by faith in Jesus live,
 Weep o'er its sins with tears wrung from the heart,
 And choose, and henceforth hold, the better part.

Oh, wherefore then, do some who bear our name,
 Erect confessionals, and Rome-like claim
 The power of absolution? England's Creed
 Abjures such practice both in word and deed;
 And they who thus presume should not remain
 Within the Church, our Zion to profane;
 No, those who claim such unrestricted scope,
 Not as a Priest, but each a self-made Pope,
 Let them depart; and as the Saviour cried,
 "Now be the Heavenly Father glorified."
 When the false Judas from His presence went—
 So will the Church rejoice, well pleased, content,
 When those pretenders, fetter'd by no law,
 From her communion honestly withdraw.

Aye, let them go—go whither they may find
 More cognate practice, more congenial mind;
 Their absence will our Zion purify:
 We want not those who hold the truth a lie,
 And grace the lie as truth; but plain, sincere,
 Without disguise; these, these to us are dear;

True to their faith, content alone to bring
 Their flock well order'd to their Saviour-King.
 These, these, do make that holy Church, whose rock
 Shall brave each tempest, and outlive each shock ;
 That Church on which eternal blessings wait,
 Nurse and faint emblem of heaven's glorious state.

Oh, if man's passions could that Church destroy,
 What deadlier weapon Satan could employ
 Than that, which creeping on with semblance fair,
 The heart insidious circles with a snare,
 Uproots the true, plants in a baser kind,
 Enlightens only with worse clouds to blind,
 Inspires a confidence but to betray,
 And dazzles, only to perplex the way ;
 Claiming for conscience freedom and repose,
 Yet seeks them not from friends, but secret foes ;
 To peace alluring, when no peace is there,
 But such as Jezebel might promise ; fair
 To please the outward sight, but all within
 A charnel-house of malice, pride, and sin.
 To this, would you allure the timid soul ?
 Why paint ye not as beautiful, things foul ?
 Why preach not, storms and elemental war
 Than calm, and sunshine bright, are better far ?
 Why not assume that man's brief power outvies
 The Eternal's works in earth, seas, sun, and skies ?

Self-cheated are ye, or the dupes of those
 Who specious offer freedom and repose,
 Such as, alas ! delusion's self would set
 As baits to draw provision to its net.

Unhappy men, impatient of control,
 For things like these to risk th' immortal soul !
 Or for some plea of discipline repress,
 Cancel your vows, revoke your faith confest,

And rush, impell'd by undefin'd alarms,
 Like timid hinds, to Rome's extended arms,
 With pleasant promises upon the tongue,
 Which hide deceit from deadliest hatred wrung,
 And watching only how the web to weave,
 By which weak souls, like yours, she may deceive,
 As lurking spiders no designs betray,
 Till the mesh'd victim falls an easy prey.

And can you think that Rome, the wily one,
 Will trust such renegades as you, once gone
 From Faith and Honour to believe a lie,
 Lured by her own deceit and sophistry?
 Will wolves respect the silly sheep who claim
 With hearts of sheep, to take the wolfish name?
 Or spare them less, because, misled, they gave
 Their necks into their mouths, their lives to save?

Oh no, mean tools of artful craft, you'll see
 She only spares you now in policy,
 As cunning fowlers, practised in deceit,
 Employ the captured birds their mates to cheat.
 Trust you, forsooth? oh, mark you not the sneer,
 Offspring of hatred, not unmix'd with fear,
 Which lurks beneath the salutation bland,
 And quivering pulsates in the outstretch'd hand?
 Whene'er did Rome an injury forget?
 Whene'er did Rome a treachery abet
 But with perfidious art? Or spare man's blood
 To win a selfish gain, or temporal good?

Search all its annals! all its records trace
 In every age and region of our race,
 And oh! it grieves, it sickens, pains the heart,
 To read how large, how dark, how dread a part,
 Deceptive cruelty in them does play,
 As if Rome's faith were falsehood's holiday.

Earth's mighty conquerors in their mad career,
 With sword to sword engage, and spear with spear;

Glory's bright halo, in ambition's dream,
 Shoots from its haughty crest a dazzling gleam,
 And high emprise and many a noble deed
 Win admiration, if not virtue's meed ;
 But Romish cruelty admits no ray,
 No twinkling faint to lighten its dark day ;
 Gaunt ruin's haggard footsteps dog its rear,
 And piles of victims every where appear ;
 It stalks with all a despot's wasting zeal,
 And wears ambition's front, the coward's steel ;
 With grizzly form now haunts the dungeon's gloom,
 Now gives the throned monarch to his doom ;
 In pleasure's lap now deadly juice instils,
 And now insidious blights the peaceful hills,
 Now bends on cottage hearths its withering scowl,
 Now pierces friendship to its inmost soul,
 Rudely disrupts the tendrils which entwine
 With lovely fondness round affection's shrine,
 All human softness in man's bosom sears,
 Whilst groans and shrieks are music in its ears.

Ask you for proof? The Alpine mountains bleak
 From the blanch'd bones of slaughter'd martyrs speak,
 And point to many a dark and treacherous deed,
 Which makes the heart, tho' cold and selfish, bleed,
 Which Rome, with all the genius of her hate,
 Did on the faithful Vandois perpetrate.

You read them in stern Alva's fierce career ;
 Not in the trophies of his sword and spear ;
 But in the rack, the gibbet, and the stake,
 And thousands butcher'd for their conscience' sake.

And oh, those proofs will never be forgot,
 Blood-written in the name of Huguenot,
 Not bloodier than deceitful—cruelty
 Became more cruel in its treachery.

And would you other instances pursue,
See them, concenter'd in Bartholomew !

And yet, forsooth, to Rome ye needs must go
To heal your bruises, tranquillize your woe.
'Tis like the wounded to a battle gone,
Or charnel-house the meagre skeleton :
For learn the fact's recorded, and stands forth,
" She values you at less than you are worth."

But you one Pope to many do prefer,
And he at Rome you deem can never err.
Poor sophistry, to use no harsher name,
Which can submit to such dishonest claim,
That he, who knows not one poor state to guide,
Infallible o'er millions should preside ;
And he, who fled before a rabble's strife,
Should at his will define the law of life.
Trust not this more than false Egyptian reed,
Who lean on it will smart, and groan, and bleed.
Reject it then, for neither faith nor sense
Can hold you guiltless for such weak pretence.

But grant, whilst I thus spurn this childish plea,
You may not to the many bow the knee.
Grant that you may with truth repudiate
Such motley interference of the state,
In faith and doctrine, as we lately saw,
Convened to arbitrate the Church's law,
Grant that the men, whose offices are made
From Politics' demoralizing trade,
And for their party influence alone
Selected, savour not the gospel's tone ;—
And that they cannot rightly arbitrate
On things they love not, nay, perchance do hate—
For, as who would the law in truth expound,
Should in that law themselves be honest found,
So, who would rightly on our creed decide,
Should hold that creed, and in that truth abide,

Sons of the Church in her to live or die,
 Holding her doctrine in strict unity :
 Grant in the Court Appeal we do not see
 The perfect mirror of supremacy.
 Granting all this, and more ; I see not why
 I should my vows abjure, my Church deny ;
 Give up my hopes, my cherish'd hopes of life,
 And seek for peace by rushing into strife ;
 And whilst from petty tyrants I would flee,
 Seek freedom in the Pope's Supremacy,
 Who holds o'er soul and body iron sway,
 His first, last, only rule,—Obey, Obey.

Oh, no ; I will not to his power fall down,
 Whose feet of brass but ill sustain his crown !
 Claiming subjection to his haughty nod,
 As if he were not mortal man, but God !

For say not, urge not—'tis too trite a plea,
 That Rome is not what she was wont to be :
 And that diminish'd in his temporal state
 The Pope must needs from former pride abate,
 Then wherefore in his plenitude of pride
 Presumes he now our island to divide,
 As if it were a province of his own,
 And not an independent, mighty crown ?
 Why map out Bishoprics throughout our land,
 As if he wielded an all-powerful brand ?
 And why, as if each grievance were atoned,
 The Cardinal's hat in Westminster enthroned ?

Oh, daring impudence ! oh, folly vain !
 To deem our country ripe for servile chain
 Of Rome and Romanizing priests again !
 We spurn th' attempt, but cannot language find
 To brand the treachery of that statesman's mind,
 Which e'en in thought could pander to a scheme
 Worse than a madman's most fantastic dream,

But not less baneful, from restraint set free—
 And he, the politician, Who was he ?
 Childe Harold types him one pointed line :
 " England, I joy, he was no son of thine."

Is it for such a stretch of priestly pride,
 You have the Faith of Protestants denied ?
 For this as citizens the yoke put on,
 Which your allegiance to Victoria's throne,
 With an Italian petty chief divides,
 Whose power alone in arrogance resides ?
 For this abjure your good old English name ?
 For this the blood within your veins defame ?
 For this your Country's freedom prostrate lay,
 And bend Britannia to a foreign sway ?

Oh ! see what evils selfishness begets !
 Which at the first but fumes, and chafes, and frets,
 Till by indulgence disaffection grows
 And enmity through every passion flows,
 And, self-impell'd by doubting and debate ;
 Hates what it loved, and loves what it did hate ;
 Now reckons, in redemption's boundless plan,
 No outward means are needful unto man,
 And now exalts the outward forms above
 Th' essential grace of soul-reforming love ;
 But when in either thwarted or perplexed,
 Boils like a troubled sea which cannot rest,
 O'erleaps all land-marks, and all bounds destroys,
 And only what its pride suggests employs.
 But why on forms should Christian men depend,
 Beyond their purposed use and lawful end ?
 Their end and purpose, by God's Word defin'd,
 For decency and order are design'd,
 Then, while this simple object they profess,
 Preserve them pure, nor make them more, or less ;
 But oh, restore not customs obsolete,
 Nor Romish symbols by adoption greet,

For they no virtue and no grace bestow,
 And 'tis not wise the good away to throw
 For things of doubtful value. Why then place
 Time-honour'd doctrines, redolent with grace,
 To be impair'd by attitudes and signs
 Fitter for mummers than for sage divines?
 Our Church doth such eccentric forms despise,
 As only please the idle gazer's eyes.
 And needful forms—she only values them
 As graceful settings of a precious gem,
 Not as the gem itself; and they who make
 Forms their first object, in their folly stake
 Of the rich treasury the risk of loss,
 Exchanging gold refined for molten dross.

And yet at Jesu's holy name I bow,
 Turn to the East when I my Creed avow,
 Bend on my knees in attitude of prayer,
 And the reponses with the people share;
 But I will not, tho' I the sign revere
 Stamp'd on the infant's forehead, interfere
 To make the Cross, emblem of death and life!
 The cause and battle-word of angry strife;
 Nor let a vestment stir up a debate,
 Less fitting Christian love than pagan hate;
 Nor will I anger when the gentle voice
 With words of peace may make the heart rejoice.

Far happier they, whose preaching and whose creed,
 Like His "who never broke the bruised reed,"
 Forbearance, Hope, and Charity bespeak,
 In Truth unswerving, but in action meek;
 Happier than they, who, cast in sterner mould,
 Despot rule, nor guide by love the fold,
 See every fault with microscopic eye,
 And self-sufficient, hearken not the cry

Of weaker brethren, whom a smile might win,
Whilst frowns and threatening only drive to sin.

Oh ! could we fully copy out the life
Of Him, our perfect pattern, soon would strife
And fierce debates, to peacefulness give place,
And our loved Church become an ark of grace !
From which, corruption's deluge overpast,
And sin and death from their dominion cast,
The white-robed millions shall go forth to meet,
With palms adorn'd, and with hosannahs greet
Salvation's King, who, o'er the world restored,
Shall reign in peace, Adorable, Adored !

Oh, if our walk in every character,
Did, like a lake which winds do scarcely stir,
Reflect the mirror of the inward light,
Tranquil and calm, but useful, clear, and bright ;
Around our steps a halcyon peace would gleam,
Beyond or poesy, or monkish dream,
And hand in hand each art of life would go,
Smiles for the happy, sympathy for woe ;
No sluggish indolence, no thirst of gain,
Would nobler aspirations render vain ;
Active and prompt each day its task would have,
And useful labours end but in the grave ;
Whilst these our works, done in the Saviour's name,
Would long outlive the proudest conqueror's fame,
For they shall follow those pronounced the blest,
Who, dying in the Lord, in Jesus rest.

Why then should they intestine warfare wage,
Whom holy vows in one pursuit engage ?
Soldiers, beneath one glorious banner ranged,
Why should they from each other be estranged ?
Commission'd one pure gospel to proclaim,
Heralds alike of Christ's sole saving name,
One holy service to perform ordain'd,
In the same charter all their rights contain'd—

Pity it is, that such a noble host
 Should be by varying contentions lost,
 So that the foe, the foe of man, should reap
 Advantages which make the angels weep ;
 For whilst they wrangle, scarcely knowing why,
 The tempter, with untiring subtlety
 Distracts their thoughts, and points the scoffer's gaze,
 To turn to his own ends our shameful ways. .
 Whilst Infidelity extends its cause,
 And Superstition numerous converts draws,
 And every sort of folly and deceit
 Rides on, exulting in its power to cheat,
 And thus, as spake the ever-living Lord,
 " Behold for love dissent, for peace a sword. "

Why should we not with those communion take,
 Who love the gospel for its Author's sake,
 And in that love with zealous ardour seek
 To win the wanderer and sustain the weak ;
 With deep research each holy doctrine prove,
 And make the comment of their preaching—love ?
 Whose faith is in our Homilies confest,
 And doctrine in our Common Prayer exprest,
 And in our Articles who clearly find
 The plain impression of the Spirit's mind ;
 Not as a yoke the conscience to control,
 Or fetter down the freedom of the soul,
 But as a bond of brotherhood agreed,
 Which loveth freedom with a stated creed ;
 And whilst to all it indicates the way
 Of truth reveal'd, forbears compulsion's sway ;
 But bidding all in one fix'd faith agree,
 Proclaims " The truth in Jesus maketh free. "

" We walk by Faith, not sense," the Scriptures teach ;
 But Rome our Faith would thro' our senses reach,
 With gorgeous rites, artistical display,
 And scenic groups, and pomp, and proud array :

Then having thus our childish sense o'ercome,
 She asks our **faith**—faith not in Christ, but Rome—
 Faith in her relics, rosaries, and beads ;
 Faith in **excess** of meritorious deeds ;
 Faith in her saints, that they have power to bless ;
 Faith too in man's inherent righteousness ;
 Faith in the body's penance to obtain
 Release from sin, and cleanse guilt's leprous stain ;
 Faith in the various symbols they employ,
 Not the pure metal, but the base alloy ;
 Faith in the dogmas which the cup deny,
 But give the wafer to the laity,
 As if the blood, which did for all atone,
 Was shed for Priests, and Romish Priests alone !
 Faith in indulgences, prayers for the dead,
 And perfumed odours wafted round your head ;
 Faith in the Virgin-Mother of our Lord ;
 Faith in the Pope, his bulls, decrees, and word.

See, then,—ye groundlings, what she doth require,
 The world's proud mistress, whom ye so admire ;
 And will you not, ye simple ones, confess
 She either deems you—babes—or—something less ?

Can you believe this is the living Faith ?
 From shame to glory, this the appointed path ?
 The path by Jesus and the faithful trod,
 Which leads the soul from Satan unto God ?

Can you such idle figments entertain,
 Such false pretences, such delusions vain,
 Such mummary, of sense and reason void,
 By jugglers only fit to be employ'd,
 And not by those wise, holy men, who say
 To them alone is shewn the heavenward way ?

Oh if you can, then vainly speaks God's word,
 Reason is folly—Wisdom is absurd,

Good husbandry no longer is good thrift,
 And common sense is not a common gift ;
 But man's superior faculty's bestow'd
 To dig a pit, not guide him on the road.

Oh, what a sea, methinks without a shore,
 Where quicksands lurk, and rock-chafed breakers roar,
 Expands before his ever-doubting mind
 Who seeks by reason's sophistry refined,
 Or e'en by forms, or self-directed zeal,
 His doubts to solve, his grief and sorrows heal !
 From truth's pure light, by misdirected deeds,
 To truth obscured, the phantom onward leads,
 Nor leaves him till, bewilder'd and undone,
 Despair completes what idle doubts begun.

And so 'twill be, with all who worldly wise,
 The light sincere of Truth Reveal'd despise,
 And seek thro' man, or man's device, the road
 From earth to heaven, from darkness unto God :
 And so of those, whom doubts have led astray,
 From the safe pastures of our Church to stray,
 How must they watch and fear, lest such lost state
 Their change and wandering shall at last await !
 For, once the polar Star withdrawn from sight,
 How may we steer in storms our bark aright ?
 And, Truth obscured, how may we in our woes
 E'er hope to reach the haven of repose ?

Such, such is ever the benighted state
 Which doth on man's perverted talents wait ;
 On that perversion by vain minds embraced,
 Rome hath her superstitious empire based,
 Not over nice what Engines to employ,
 So she but win, or if not win, destroy.

And oh, how various are her subtle arts !
 Train'd are her sons to well-digested parts,

And when she may not as of old compress,
 Reforms her plan of action ; but not less,
 Oh, no, not dangerous less each wily plan—
 She never persecutes—but where she can ;
 And lacking power for this within our isle,
 Like Balaam's tempter, dimpling with a smile,
 She lures her victims, and with polish keen,
 Smooth speech, fair promises, and winning mien,
 Creeps into confidence, and as she creeps,
 Suspicious vigilance beguiled sleeps :
 And thus her poison, tainting all around,
 Infects, inflames, then mortal makes the wound.

That subtle poison, long conceal'd hath lurk'd,
 And through each class of life in England work'd ;
 In every form, in every varying dress,
 The Court, the Camp, the Senate, Bar, and Press ;
 Churches and Chapels have its visits shared,
 Nor have demure Conventicles been spared ;
 No, nor the Silent Meeting—each and all,
 The private household, and the lordly hall,
 The manse, the Parsonage—all, all have been
 Objects of its attack, and all have seen
 Fruits of its contact. Oh, how many a sigh,
 Rended affection—love's disrupted tie,
 Disunion, hatred, envy,—every woe
 Which blights the pilgrimage of life below !
 These are thy doings, Rome—these are thine own,
 Such glorious mischiefs never yet have flown
 From any other system, scheme, or plan,
 Fashion'd by art of friends, or fallen man.

And shall not Truth, howe'er our Liberals scoff,
 The thick disguise, the cheating mask rend off ?
 Yes, if no other voice will raise the cry,
 Mine shall denounce the fiends, and bid them fly.
 And tho' the feeblest of that guardian band,
 Who serve around the altars of our land,

Unknown, ungraced, and skreen'd from public gaze,
 My voice the warning sound shall boldly raise,
 And bid our Queen and Senators beware
 Of Rome, and every Romanizing snare ;
 Which like the air they breathe, is spread around,
 Abroad, at home, in courts and palace found ;
 Bid them, with deep emotion, ne'er forget
 How in this land, ere Rome's last empire set,
 Whate'er the progress of its course withstood,
 Was trampled down, opprest, crush'd, quench'd in blood ;
 Point to our early Mary's darken'd reign,
 And ask ! "would they bring back such days again ?"
 For, not to Rome one step we e'er can make,
 But in the step we must some truth forsake.

Never, oh never, can our Faiths agree,
 Till she renounces her iniquity,
 Reforms her Creed, Tradition doth disown,
 The Pope deposes from his empire-crown,
 Abjures all creature-worship, and doth place
 Jesus alone, as source of every grace,
 The only Intercessor, only Name,
 Through which the sinner may God's favour claim ;
 Who needeth not the Saints' or Angels' aid,
 But, as on earth He man's atonement paid,
 Sits now on high, exalted to God's throne,
 To win our pardon by His Grace alone.

Till she does this, in vain she may essay
 "Rome her immense disgraces wipes away."
 "Immense disgraces !" Yea, they are immense,
 Shocking alike to faith and common sense ;
 Our country's annals deeply they engrain
 With many a bloody dark barbaric stain,
 Which no assumption of pontific pride,
 No lying gloss of records falsified ;
 No claims for loftier piety—no plea
 Of zeal, or more devoted sanctity ;

No long processions which the pomp display
 Of mitred Priests in all their proud array ;
 No gorgeous buildings, which aspiring rise
 In tall magnificence towards the skies ;
 Not all the learning Cardinals may boast,
 Nor Monks, nor Friars, nor the Pageant Host ;
 Not these increased, refined again, again,
 Can ne'er wipe out the deep ensanguined stain,
 Or from the records of our History chase
 The wrongs of Rome upon our British Race—
 Wrongs chronicled in Blood, Time only can efface.

Does the proud Prelate who " disgraces " names
 See nought to fear in the ungovern'd aims
 Of new allies, who to perversion true
 Leave Trent behind, develop dogmas new,
 And in their new-fledged eagerness of zeal,
 Exalt the frailties he would fain conceal,
 Like selfish lovers, who select for praise
 (To foster vanity and favour raise)
 The faults which most deform their Mistress' face,
 And call deformity itself a grace ?
 Their onward, bold, self-will'd, and new career,
 Not without cause excites his jealous fear,
 Lest, like allies of old, their efforts end
 In seizing what they barter'd to defend.

But can he blame, who by himself affirms,
 Dogmatic teaching to debated terms,
 Defines, and dares upon the conscience bind
 What Trent left free, unfetter'd, undefined ?

Oh, can you thus surrender your belief,
 To the sole mandate of a Papal brief ?
 For who shall say, he who may next succeed,
 Will not again *amend* your varying creed ?

Are you prepared, you who are English bred,
 To be thus tamely by his mandate led ;

Then, as imprison'd animals let loose,
 As he or his caricious servants choose ?
 Who drain the fountain of all social life,
 And plant the channel track with hate and strife !

Howe'er this be, one fact at least is plain,
 We may not idle, nor unmoved remain.
 The time is come, when each and every one,
 Must put the weapons of his warfare on,
 The shield of Faith, the Spirit's two-edged sword,
 Which is the teaching of the Written Word,
 Salvation's helmet, and, thus arm'd, unite
 The foes of Truth and Liberty to smite.

And you, successors of that noble band,
 Whose firmness saved the freedom of our land
 From Papal tyranny in James's days,
 Why linger ye the Standard to upraise ?
 Why hesitate to sound the tocsin cry ?
 " No peace with Rome, no truce with Popery."
 Why not with meekness yet decision, test
 The soundness of the faith they have profest,
 Who mix the Romanizing rites with ours,
 Like noxious weeds among domestic flowers ?

Rouse, rouse ye, and the searching test assay,
 Purge from our ranks apostate sons away,
 And Rome shall soon before your spirit quail,
 And in her new aggressive madness fail.
 Then shall a grateful nation praise the deed,
 And swelling numbers rally round our Creed,
 Who only from our Church in forms dissent,
 Not with our leading doctrines discontent,
 But fearful lest, old principles forgot,
 We make with Rome again one common lot ;
 And only wait, observantly, aloof
 For this decisive, and convincing proof,
 To join our ranks, and in communion hold,
 The faith of Protestants, one Gospel fold.

Then wherefore strive, within our pale to keep,
 The few infected Romanizing sheep,
 Who your forbearance, truculent despise—
 Oh, why for them the faithful jeopardise ?

I know that love should every effort strain,
 Forbear and try, try and forbear again ;
 But here the grievous fact admits no doubt—
 Apply the test and conscience will speak out ;
 For mark ! the glorious maxim ne'er shall fail,
 " Great is the power of Truth, Truth shall prevail."

Remember you have vow'd to " banish hence"
 Errors and doctrines strange, which give offence :
 And are not these great errors ? doctrines strange—
 Full of offence, and leading unto change ?
 Use then your diligence, nor slumber on
 Until the time for action may be gone,
 And dangers thicken only to increase
 The difficult return of Truth and Peace.
 Stifle the calumny of vulgar throats,
 " Who makes you Bishops regulates your votes."

Then, as the voice which thrilling thro' the host
 Proclaim'd " the Nation saved, a Kingdom lost,"
 So shall the cry, which trumpet-like declares,
 Our Bishops are intent on Church affairs,
 Resolved to purge our canker'd ministry,
 And make the Apostates or retract or flee ;—
 The cry that they no Romish weapons take—
 The fire, the fagot, chains, and rack, and stake—
 But bidding them " be honest and sincere,
 " Nor foster Rome, whilst they are serving here ;"—
 The voice that echoes the command " depart,"
 Will courage give to many a doubting heart,
 And like the rally of a scatter'd host,
 Restore the power supineness may have lost.
 Restore ? Nay make once more our Hierarchy,
 Beacon and tower of English liberty.

And you, who honour Wesley's honour'd name,
 Spurn back like him the Italian tyrant's claim ;
 With us in Christian Fellowship unite ;
 With us for Christian Faith and Freedom fight ;
 With English spirit stem the swelling tide,
 With Gospel truth o'erawe the worldly pride ;
 The glorious flag of liberty unfurl,
 And on the usurper stern defiance hurl!

'Tis sad for those, who love and peace enjoy,
 Such words of bold defiance to employ ;
 But these rude times no gentle terms demand :
 When danger threatens or our Faith or Land,
 Our Zion's watchmen, in their guardian-round,
 Must, faithful, raise the cry and warning sound,
 Nor idly slumber, nor supinely wait
 'Till the leagued foes are battering down the gate,
 And rebel sons with these leagued foes allied
 Impatient seek to throw the portals wide,
 Till, thus encompass'd, citadel and wall
 By force, by treachery, and supineness fall.

And shall not these sad facts at length remind
 Both throne and people of the vows which bind
 Each to the other by one holy tie
 Of firm, compact, defined unity ?
 The unity which binds each State alike,
 That, Ruin, one must through the other strike.
 Our Faith Reform'd—'tis no presumption vain !
 Our Faith Reform'd cements the golden chain.
 Our Faith Reform'd, by proofs incessant shown,
 Bestows, maintains, and will maintain the Crown.
 Let not the Crown, the Faith Reform'd forsake :
 Who gave at first, may still have power to take.

And let the people still the throne revere,
 Which holds that Faith above all others dear ;
 For woe to England, should that Faith decay !
 Her doom is fix'd, her power is pass'd away !

Let all unite, and, with one English heart,
 Let each sustain the patriot's generous part ;
 Forget each mean, and low, and selfish aim ;
 Brand every treachery with its proper name ;
 And with one tide of energy rush on,
 Until the dark, portentous clouds are gone ;
 And Rome, abash'd, retires within her sphere,
 Or, if she still survive, survive not here ;
 Then England evermore shall glorious stand,
 Champion of Truth ! the Gospel's chosen Land !

The following lines should be read in page 11, at the foot, after " Word
 Reveal'd."

Yea, lived in many a meek and faithful heart,
 Taught to discern and choose the better part,
 Not by man's teaching, but the Spirit's Grace,
 Whose work is bounded nor by time nor space.

And, as a stream, clear in its earliest source,
 Swells on, increasing in its onward course,
 Till its first waters are obscured and lost,
 Corrupted by the currents it has crost ;
 So Rome, at first, did Gospel truths possess,
 Till human innovations made them less ;—
 And then, despite Salvation's holy ray,
 Its purity began to pass away,

NOTES.

PAGE 7.

Tradition's legendary store.

One of the most fertile sources of error and corruption in the Romish Church, is the ascendancy given to tradition beyond the Word of God, for it thereby affords an exhaustless mine, out of which may be drawn, as history proves, the wildest inconsistencies and most gross delusions, both of Faith and Worship. It is, indeed, the most polluted spring of Romish Heresy; and although opposed to the concurrent voice of many of the best Divines of Antiquity, the Council of Trent concluded to receive on pain of anathema, "and reverence Traditions with no less pious affection than the books of the Old and New Testament, and that not in matters of Rite and History only, but of Faith and Manners also." Contrast with this the Sixth Article of our Church—"Of the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation."

PAGE 7.

St. Peter's seal is set on them.

The Dogma of the Pope's supremacy as the Vicegerent of Christ on earth, is an assumption, not only not accepted universally by the early Church (for Pope Gregory the Great denounces the claim as the forerunner of Antchrist), but has no sanction whatever in the Word of God. If alluded to at all, in the New Testament, it is only prophetically, to denounce it as "the revelation of the Man of Sin—the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4.

Equally groundless is the pretension that it rests upon the superiority of St. Peter over the other Apostles. Since, even if that were, as it is not, an undoubted fact, it would yet afford no sanction to the Pope's supremacy, as successor of St. Peter, inasmuch as there is no evidence in Holy Scripture to lead us to conclude, that either he ever was at Rome for any continued period, or that either he, or any other of the Apostles, merged the higher office of Apostleship, which had an universal commission, into the inferior one of a Bishop, with a limited and defined sphere of duty.

PAGE 9.

'Twas Trent, and Trent alone, your creed defined.

The Council was spread over a period of twenty years, and embraced the pontificates of Paul III., Julius III., Marcellus II., Paul IV., and Pius IV. It was first convoked by a Bull of Paul III., dated May 22, 1542, to meet before Nov. 1, of the same year, under the presidency of three Cardinals,—one of whom was Reginald Pole—as the Pope's legate. It was so scantily attended

that the Pope caused it to be adjourned. Its next opening, in January, 1546, was attended by only about forty prelates. In 1547, the Council divided; some of the prelates accompanied the legates to Bologna through apprehension of a pestilential disease, whilst others remained at Trent. When the legates returned in May, 1551, they found such a paucity of prelates, that they were again under the necessity of adjourning the Council to Sep. 1, when about sixty prelates assembled. In consequence of the approach of Maurice of Saxony, the Protestant General, another adjournment was agreed upon, April 28, 1552, for two years, which, however, was extended for ten years, to 1562. The whole proceedings of the Council were ratified by the Bull of Pope Pius IV., countersigned by the Cardinals, 1564, (two years later than the ratification of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church in the reign of Queen Elizabeth;) and this must be considered as the date of the present rule of doctrine established in the Romish Church. May we not then say her doctrines are new, and of modern invention, being of less antiquity than three centuries?

PAGE 10.

The Spirit's grace could on such work descend.

Robertson, in his "History of Charles V.," the emperor, speaking of the three different authors—Father Paul of Venice, the Jesuit Pallavicini, and Vargas, a Spanish doctor of law, who wrote concerning the Council of Trent, says :—

" Whichsoever of these authors an intelligent person takes for his guide, in forming a judgment concerning the spirit of the Council, he must discover so much ambition, as well as artifice, among some of the members, so much ignorance and corruption among others; he must observe such a large infusion of human policy and passions, but such a scanty portion of that simplicity of heart, sanctity of manners, and love of truth, which alone qualify men to determine what doctrines are worthy of God, and what worship is acceptable to him; that he will find it no easy matter to believe, that any extraordinary influence of the Holy Ghost hovered over this assembly, and dictated its decrees."

PAGE 11.

Make by works the gift of Heaven your own.

" If any man say, that the good works of a man justified, do not truly merit eternal life, let him be anathema," is one of the decrees of Trent

PAGE 11.

Let the Saints and Angels intercede.

This dogma, which no blasphemes against the prevailing intercession of our Advocate with the Father, was first introduced into the public devotions of the Greek Church by Fullo, a presbyter of Bithynia, and afterwards the usurper of the see of Antioch,

about 470 A.D., and not for 130 years later in the Romish Church, under Gregory. It is still in full use, both publicly and privately. It enters, indeed, most intimately and fully into all their formulas. The late Bull bears unequivocal testimony of its supposed importance; and in the Litany for the Conversion of England we find, in addition to the invocation of the Blessed Trinity to have mercy on England, Mary, mother of God, thrice invoked under different attributes; four Angels, St. John the Baptist, three Apostles, and nine canonized Saints addressed by name as well as Angels, Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles and Evangelists, and Martyrs, and Bishops, and Confessors, and Holy Saints of this and every other nation not specified, are entreated to pray for England; and one of their supplications is, "That Englishmen may be delivered from presuming on their private opinions, and condemning the authority of the Romish Church."

PAGE 11.

Masses still must day by day be said.

"If any man shall say that the Sacrifice of the Mass is only a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, or a bare commemoration of the sacrifice offered upon the cross, let him be accused," is another Tridentine decree.

PAGE 12.

Juggled th' insensate crowd.

It is superfluous to detail the many absurd and glaring impositions, called miracles, which Rome practised upon her ignorant followers in past days; and by which she imposes upon the superstitious credulity of her followers even in our own, the half-way of the nineteenth century.

PAGE 12.

By which Indulgences controll'd the doom.

The monstrous dogma of Indulgences is universally considered as a necessary appendage to that of purgatory, and is therefore of a more modern date. Purgatory is a relic of the superstition of heathen Rome; and Refensis (as quoted by Bishop Hall in his work, "The Old Religion,") says: "So long as there was no law of Purgatory, no man sought after indulgences; for upon that depended all the opinion of pardons. If you take away purgatory wherefore should we need pardons? Since, therefore, purgatory was so lately known and received of the whole Church, who can, marvel concerning indulgences, that *there was no use for them in the beginning of the Church?* Indulgences then began, after men had trembled some while at the torments of purgatory."

Indulgences were first a remission or commuting of canonical penances, for pecuniary satisfactions, exercised by the several bishops in their respective dioceses. The Popes afterwards arrogated to themselves the entire right of granting these In-

dulgences, by which they at first only released from the punishment of sin in the present world; but in the fourteenth century they extended this release to the punishments of purgatory. "The first, the Pope remits by his Papal power, as sovereign lord of the Church. * * * The latter he remits (as Benedict XIV. says, in his Bull for the Jubilee) *jure suffragii*, that is, by his prevalent intercession with God, who can deny nothing to his Vicerent. Yet this release from the punishment of sin cannot be bestowed gratis." "*There must be an equivalent, that is, some money, which is given to the Pope for religious uses.*" See *Soames' Mosheim's Institutes*, vol. iii, book iv.

PAGE 13.

Kings for your subjects, for your God the Pope.

"Whence (said Pope Adrian) hath the Emperor his empire but from us? All that he hath, he hath wholly from us. Behold, it is in our power to give it to whom we list." And Bishop Hall, in the "Old Religion," quotes the following passages: "Men are too base to enter into comparison with the Pope—this authority is more than of the saints in Heaven" saith one. Yet more, 'He excellet the angels in his jurisdiction,' saith another. Yet, once more, 'The Pope seems to make one and the same consistory,' saith God himself, and, which comprehends all the rest. 'Thou art all, and above all,' as the Council of Lateran under Julius."

PAGE 14.

Erect confessionals, and Rome-like claim.

Although auricular confession is clearly condemned in the Twenty-fifth article of the Church, yet we find Mr. Dodsworth thus addressing Dr. Pusey: "By your constant and common practice of administering the sacrament of penance; by encouraging everywhere, if not enjoining, auricular confession, and giving priestly absolution * * * you have done much to revive amongst us the system which may pre-eminently be called sacramental." The same heavy charge is made against Dr. Pusey by Messrs. Allies and Maskell, all of whom have gone to Rome.

PAGE 27.

Immense Disgraces.

(See the Pope's late mapping bull.)

Bishop Hall says of Sacramental Confession: "This bird was hatched in the Council of Lateran A.D. 1215, fully plumed in the Council of Trent, and now lately hath her feathers impeded by the modern casuists."

PAGE 30.

Proclaim'd "the Nation saved, a Kingdom lost."

See a description of the acquittal of the Seven Bishops, in "Macaulay's History of England."



